AMELIA.

A New English

OPERA,

As it is Perform'd at the

New Theatre *in the* Hay-Market,

After the *ITALIAN* Manner.

Set to MUSICK

By Mr. *JOHN FREDERICK LAMPE.*

LONDON:

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THE ARGUMENT.

CASIMIR, *Prince and General of the* Hungarian *Army, being unfortunately defeated in a War between him and* Oſmyn *Grand Viſier of the* Turks, *is taken Priſoner. Upon the Arrival of this unhappy News,* Amelia, Caſimir's *Wife, reſolves to try all poſſible Means to effect his Redemption; accordingly ſhe adviſes* Rodulpho *a young Prince, and an intimate Friend of* Caſimir, *to dreſs himſelf in a* Turkiſh *Habit, and preſent her to* Oſmyn *as a Captive taken by him, imagining that if ſhe could be brought into the Preſence of the Grand Viſier, he would be ſo deeply captivated with her Beauty, that ſhe could eaſily induce him to grant any Favour, upon a ſeeming Condeſcenſion to any thing he ſhould ask of her in return: With this View ſhe is carried to* Oſmyn, *upon whom ſhe had the In-*

fluence

fluence she promis'd herself, and compleated the Redemption of her Husband. Amelia *having thus successfully obtained her desired Ends, soon after meeting with a good Opportunity, when* Osmyn *was engaged in other Affairs, makes her Escape with* Rodulpho *by Night, and disappoints the Grand Visier of his Expectation.* Augusta, Casimir's *Sister, all this while missing* Amelia, *and* Rodulpho *her Lover, supposes they are gone upon some vicious Design; and* Casimir *himself not finding them at home at his Return, concurs with her in the same Opinion, so that upon her coming back they meet with a Reception much contrary to what they might naturally hope for after so dangerous an Adventure, being both instantly put into Confinement:* Amelia *so highly resents this undeserved Usage, that she advises* Rodulpho *not to give* Casimir *any immediate Satisfaction about their Undertakings; but* Rodulpho *finding that such a Delay would be of dangerous Consequence (a Day being already fix'd for their Execution) resolves to conceal it*

no

no longer, but in a Letter to Caſimir *gives a genuine Account of all their Proceedings, the Truth of which he is ſo well convinced of, that he is inſtantly reconciled to both his Deliverers, and gives* Auguſta *to* Rodulpho *in Marriage as a Gratuity for his extraordinary Friendſhip.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Oſmyn, *Grand Viſier, Commander of the* Turks.	Mr. *Waltz.*
Caſimir, *Prince and General of the* Hungarian *Army.*	Mr. *Kelly.*
Rodulpho, *his Friend, in Love with Auguſta.*	Mr. *Snider.*

WOMEN.

Amelia, *Wife of* Caſimir.	Miſs *Arne.*
Auguſta, *Siſter to* Caſimir, *in Love with* Rodulpho.	Mrs. *Maſon.*

Officers, Guards, *and* Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE *the Frontiers of* Hungaria *towards* Turkey.

AMELIA.

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OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A ſpacious Country.*

Oſmyn *at the Head of the* Turkiſh *Army.*

HERE let the wearied Army reſt awhile,
That ere we farther march,
We may have time ſedately to conſult
The Meaſures neceſſary to be taken
To make the *Turks* victorious;
Then nought remains, but with undaunted Courage
To proſecute our Scheme.
What Toil! what Danger! and what Care!
To Glory lead the Way:
Commanded by the God of War,
The Brave with Joy obey. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Court before* Caſimir's *Palace.*

Caſimir, Amelia, Auguſta, *and* Rodulpho.

Amelia *to* Caſimir.

O let me die, while yet I ſee
The Comfort of my Heart;
For worſe than inſtant Death 'twill be
From thee, my Love, to part.

Caſim. Weep not, *Amelia,*
My Country's Safety loudly calls me hence,
And I muſt now inevitably leave thee:
How can theſe Eyes behold *Hungaria* ravag'd
By bold invading *Turks?*
No, Heaven is Guardian of our righteous Cauſe,
And *Caſimir* its Inſtrument of Vengeance.
Farewel, my Dear, till Conqueſt brings me back,
To lay my Laurels at *Amelia*'s Feet.
[*To* Rod.] *Rodulpho!* I intruſt thee with a Charge
Dearer to me than all terreſtrial Bleſſings,
My Siſter, and my Wife:
Atteſt your Friendſhip by a faithful Care.
Once more farewel, my Friend and Siſter;
And oh my deareſt Wife! farewel.
What Heart can help bleeding, my Charmer!
To leave one ſo virtuous and fair;
Sure Heav'n will let nothing alarm her,
But make her, for my ſake, its Care.

[Exeunt *Caſimir* and *Amelia* different ways.

SCENE III.

Auguſta *and* Rodulpho.

Aug. Oh what a diſmal Day is this, *Rodulpho!*
Rod. Deſpair not, Princeſs, of your Brother's Safety;
Am not I almoſt equally concern'd?
To *Caſimir* my Friendſhip is ſo great,
That, but for your dear Sake,
Arm'd by his Side with Pleaſure would I march
To ſhield him, and to ſhare with him the Danger.
Aug. Are you already weary of your Charge?
Go, follow him, it is not yet too late,
I need not your Protection.
Leave me, leave me,
Don't deceive me:
Faithleſs Lover!
I diſcover
That another has your Heart.
All your Smiling
Is beguiling,
All your Paſſion
Affectation,
Go, I ſee through all your Art.
Rod. You wrong me, fair *Auguſta*;
Can you condemn my real Friendſhip
To him, whom you ſo dearly value?
You are the only one of all the Sex

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Can you condemn my real Friendſhip
To him, whom you ſo dearly value?
You are the only one of all the Sex

That ever gain'd my Heart:
Why would you then torment me thus,
And wound me with ſuch undeſerv'd Reproaches?
Friendſhip, Glory, I diſdain,
Thee, my Charmer, to obtain:
Who can other Beauties prize
That has ſeen thoſe conqu'ring Eyes?
Wrong not then my Flame ſincere,
By Suſpicion too ſevere,
Since 'tis paſt all Pow'r to move
The Ardour of my conſtant Love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Proſpect of the* Turkiſh *Camp.*

Oſmyn, *Officers, Guards, and Attendants.*

Oſm. Be this the Day appointed
To ruſh with Fury on our Chriſtian Foes.
Now, now, my Muſſulmen, exert your Courage;
Thoſe, who in this Engagement fall,
Will be abundantly rewarded
With the eternal Joys of Paradiſe:
The reſt with Spoil and Conqueſt will return.
Inſeparable Bleſſings thus attend us,
Whether we live or die,
We're ſure of Happineſs.
I'll deſtroy the proud Foe in his Glory,
From our Preſence he ſhall fly,
For I'll conquer or die,
To dubious Fear I am a Stranger:

Let

Let all be ſo brave, that the Story
May be noted by Fame,
From the Ganges *to* Thame,
And equal the Height of our Danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Rodulpho *and* Amelia.

Rod. Oh Princeſs! why this ſolemn Pace of Mourning?
Provoke not Providence by your Diſtruſt;
'Tis time enough to grieve when there's Occaſion.
Amel. I feel a ſecret Boding in my Soul,
A thouſand diſmal Apprehenſions
By turns torment, and rob me of my Reſt.
Diſtracting Fears,
Tormenting Cares,
Perplex my doubtful Mind;
Till his Return,
For whom I mourn,
No Pleaſure can I find.
Rod. [*to* Amel.] Stop this Effuſion of your Tears, my Princeſs!
Your Hope for *Caſimir*'s good Succeſs
Should over-weigh the Balance of your Grief.

Enter Auguſta, *behind.*

Aug. So cloſe! ſo kind!
'Tis proper to obſerve them. *Amel.*

Amel. Rodulpho! Well I know your hearty
Wiſhes,
But ſtill the Immenſeneſs of my Paſſion
Extends to a far greater Pitch,
Than you can think, or I expreſs.

Aug. So very fond! confound her, O ye Gods!

Rodulpho *to* Amelia.

Oh let not Fears,
Or anxious Cares,
The fair Amelia *diſcontent;*
For ſoon we may
Expect the Day,
Which ſhall our mutual Joy cement.

[Exeunt *Rod.* and *Amel.*

SCENE VI.

Auguſta *alone.*

A faithful Friend!
A chaſte and virtuous Wife!
Is this the Lover has ſo often vow'd
Eternal Conſtancy to me?
Is this the Wife ſo generally fam'd
For exemplary Goodneſs?
How is my Brother and my ſelf abus'd!
But he ſhall know, and I'll revenge their Infidelity.

Vengeance! Vengeance! ſwift overtake 'em,
May they never more be bleſt!
May the Gods as wretched make them,
As they've render'd me diſtreſs'd.

Riſe,

Riſe, ye fierce infernal Legions,
From the diſmal Shades below!
Bear 'em to your darkſome Regions,
Plunge 'em deep in endleſs Woe. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *A Pavilion.*

Oſmyn, *with Attendants.*

Oſm. At length the Sultan's Arms
Have prov'd triumphant,
And Conqueſt is the Premium of our Courage.
Bring forth the once renowned *Caſimir*,
Now *Oſmyn*'s Captive, and the Sultan's Slave.
[Caſimir *enters in Chains.*
Well, *Caſimir!* you ſee the Fate of War
Is now decided in our Favour;
Theſe Chains are not to be compar'd
With the Severities I can inflict,
Unleſs, upon the Terms I ſhall propoſe,
You purchaſe your Redemption.

Caſim. Oſmyn! I rather chooſe to die,
Than on inglorious Terms to purchaſe Life,
For Death is welcome after this Defeat.

Oſm. Chriſtian! 'tis vain to hope immediate Death,
For I'll conſummate my Revenge
By a Protraction of thy Miſery:
Were we to live the Series of an Age,
My Vengeance then would be the more compleat.

The

The Eagle with its Prey,
Through Æther cuts his way,
Retaining faſt his trembling Prize;
With a relentleſs Breaſt,
He bears him to his Neſt,
And makes him there a Sacrifice. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *A Room.*

Amelia *and* Rodulpho.

Enter Meſſenger with a Letter.

Amel. [*to* Meſſ.] Let me not hear you ſpeak,
Your Looks at once declare
That you're the Bearer of unwelcome News:
Give me the Letter.

[*Reads, and ſwoons,* Rodulpho *runs to her.*

Rod. Deareſt *Amelia!*
Why this ſudden Change?

Enter Auguſta, *aſide.*

Aug. A very kind Embrace!

Amel. Give me the Letter, 'tis no doubt the laſt
That I ſhall from my deareſt Lord receive.
Come, ſad Companion of eternal Grief!
Let Floods of Tears to Sorrow give Relief.
I'll read and kiſs thee all the tedious Day,
And o'er thee weep till Sight is wept away.

[Exit *Amel.*

Rod.

Rod. Lovely *Auguſta*, follow your ſad Siſter,
And try to comfort her in this Affliction.

Aug. No.
I have too many Sorrows of my own,
You beſt can ſooth her Anguiſh:
Leave me to my ſelf.

Rod. I cannot leave you thus.

Aug. I will be left, this is no time
For idle Compliments. [*Exit* Rodulpho.

That all ſucceeding Times
May ſhun ſuch monſtrous Crimes,
Ye Gods, exert your Power
On all who thus offend,
Let fiery wrath deſcend
In an unbounded Shower.

The End of the Firſt Act.

AMELIA.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Oſmyn's *Pavilion.*

Caſimir, *chain'd at the Entry.*

Enter Rodulpho *in a* Turkiſh *Habit, with* Amelia, *likewiſe diſguiſed.*

RODULPHO.

THUS far, dread Princeſs!
I have with due Fidelity attended,
Nor is there any Danger in this World,
Thro' which I would not venture for your ſake,
Yet ſtill deliberate once more with Caution
The Perils of this Undertaking.

Amel. No more Objections:

I'm

I'm poſitive to follow my Intentions,
Or join with me, or leave me to my ſelf.
Rod. 'Twas not on my Account, but yours,
That I was firſt induc'd to offer
The well-intended, ill-receiv'd Advice.
Amel. Rodulpho! Well you know my ſad Misfortunes,
I'm juſt diſtracted with a deep Deſpair;
Can you not then excuſe the harſh Expreſſion?
Rod. Behold yon Wretch that's grov'ling on the Ground.
Amel. By all my Hopes of Happineſs, my Huſband!
[Amelia *running towards* Caſimir, Rodulpho *withholding her.*
Rod. For Heaven's ſake, be not precipitate,
This is no Seaſon for Diſcovery.
Amel. O *Rodulpho!* how can I behold him!
And be prohibited from ſpeaking to him.
Rod. Obſerve you not a Party near approaching?
We're ruin'd if ſuſpected.

So the gentle Turtle-Dove
Bemoans her hapleſs Captive Love,
When in the Fowler's Snare:
She ſtrives to free him, but in vain,
And hovers round, and round again,
Then drops, kill'd by Deſpair. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Gallery.*

Auguſta, *with Attendants.*

Aug. What, gone! impoſſible! it cannot be:
To leave the Palace thus at Dead of Night:
Oh falſe *Rodulpho!*
Traitor to Friendſhip, Gratitude, and Love!
But much more falſe *Amelia!*
The faithleſs Spouſe of a diſtreſſed Husband:
This Conduct will imprint a greater Wound,
Than his Defeat and Loſs of Liberty.
To ſee ſuch Woes dear Caſimir *oppreſs,*
And ſlighted by a faithleſs Wife,
Fills all my Soul with exquiſite Diſtreſs,
And makes me weary of this Life.
But as an Inſtance of the cordial Love
I to my injur'd Brother bear,
I'll by th' immortal Pow'rs that rule above,
To Juſtice bring the guilty Pair. [Exit.

SCENE III. Oſmyn's *Pavilion.* Caſimir *at the Entry, as before.*

Oſmyn, Rodulpho, *and* Amelia.

Oſm. [*to* Rod.] Tell me, my Muſſulman,
By what happy Chance

Thou

Thou didſt obtain this matchleſs Beauty?

Rod. On an Eſcort for Forage near the City,
I ſeiz'd this lovely Chriſtian,
By whoſe majeſtick Looks inſpir'd with Awe,
I made a ſolemn Vow to bring her ſpotleſs
To the victorious *Oſmyn.*

Oſm. This pleaſing Inſtance of thy Loyalty
Shall e'er be graciouſly remembred,
And thou ſhalt always be our chief Attendant.
[*To* Amel.] Say, beauteous Chriſtian,
Why thus in Sorrow droops that lovely Head?
Thou art not fall'n into Barbarian Hands,
Nor wilt thou find us hideous, as we're painted.

Amel. *The Youngling raviſh'd from its Neſt,*
Expos'd to Danger ſtands,
But Joy ſoon warms its panting Breaſt,
When fall'n in gentle Hands.
Little, alas! did I believe
My Life would be reſtor'd
By your dread Pow'r, which moſt conceive
Is not to be implor'd.

[*Exeunt* Oſmyn, Amelia, *and* Rodulpho.

SCENE IV.

Caſimir *alone.*

O for a deadly Inſtrument, to end
This moſt accurſed Life!

Since

Since what I now endure is paſt Forbearance.
No more; it is reſolv'd, I'll ſo provoke him,
That he muſt kill me, if he has yet remaining
One Spark of Manhood or Reſentment.
The furious Tiger for a while kept under,
Rouſes at laſt, and burſts his Chains aſunder;
Inſpir'd with double Rage he flies
Upon his Foes, and ſelf-avenging dies.

SCENE V.

Enter Oſmyn, Amelia, *and* Rodulpho.

Oſm. Joy of my Heart! the longer I converſe,
The more I'm raviſh'd and delighted
With thy incomparable Wiſdom.
Thou haſt a Soul more beauteous than thy Form,
Nor can I live without the bleſt Enjoyment
Of both thoſe excellent Perfections.
Lovely Creature! while I'm gazing,
Ev'ry Feature more amazing,
All my Soul with Raptures charm.
If ſuch Pleaſure's in beholding,
Oh the Tranſport of infolding
So much Beauty in my Arms!
[Going on, *Caſimir* obſtructs 'em.
Oſm. Dareſt thou obſtruct my Way?
Diſpatch him ſtraight for his Preſumption;
Sever his Head from his deteſted Body.
[*Guards go to kill* Caſimir, Amelia *interpoſes.*

Amel.

Amel. Make here your Way, for ſuch a Sight
Theſe Eyes can never bear.
[*To* Oſm.] Is this your boaſted Mildneſs?
What from your Fury may not I expect
By this Example of your Cruelty?
How can you vainly thus pretend
To love, when yet you hate?
For if I ſhould but once offend,
I ſee my inſtant Fate:
Pity and Love to Heaven ally'd,
Engroſs the Godlike Breaſt,
Where Pity's Entrance is deny'd,
There Love can never reſt.
Oſm. At your Requeſt he lives,
But we'll no longer ſtay
To hear his Inſults,
And repent our Mercy.
Amel. You ſay you love me, let me be convinced
You plainly do, by condeſcending
To reinſtate the Chriſtian in his Liberty;
For I am ſhock'd at this Barbarity,
And while my Soul with Horrour overflows,
I cannot think of Love.
Oſm. What is it for your ſake
I would not grant?
But he's my Enemy avow'd;
To give him Freedom is to make him able

To

To war againſt us yet a ſecond time;
Ask any other Proof of my Affection,
And my Compliance waits on your Requeſt.

Amel. Too well I am ſatisfy'd with one Repulſe,
I ſhall but ask again to be denied.
[*To* Rod.] What ſhall I do in this Perplexity?

Rod. Deny her not this Inſtance of your Favour,
It will remove the Terrour of her Mind,
If you releaſe him.

Oſm. Such is the Ardour of my Paſſion,
That I'll engage her at the deareſt Rate.
[*To her.*] To let you ſee, my Charmer!
I give your Love the preference,
Above all other Views whatſoever,
At your immediate Interceſſion,
This Chriſtian has his Liberty reſtor'd;
I only ask the Tribute of your Heart,
As a Return of Gratitude.

Amel. *Who would not with Gladneſs ſurrender,*
A Heart to a Lover ſo tender,
Whoſe Actions his Paſſion declare?
Aſſiſt me, bright Goddeſs of Beauty!
And Cupid! *inſtruct me my Duty,*
To make all his Wiſhes my Care.

[Oſm. *to* Caſ.] Chriſtian,
At the Requeſt of this celeſtial Creature,
You have your Life and Liberty.

Caſ. Angel of Goodneſs!
That from the deep Abyſs of Deſperation
Has call'd me forth to Life again,
Once more to come to my *Amelia*'s Arms.
Oſm. No more, we will not hear your tedious Thanks;
Your Preſence only aggravates my Wrath;
So fly while you have free Permiſſion.
Caſim. *To the Arms of my Deareſt I'm flying,*
Who doubtleſs with Sorrow is dying;
Deſpairing to ſee me again,
Above all the World I adore her;
O how will my Preſence reſtore her!
And eaſe her diſconſolate Pain!
[Exit *Caſimir.*

SCENE VI.

Oſmyn, Amelia.

Oſm. Now, the delightful Object of my Soul!
Remains there any Favour yet unask'd,
That you can wiſh, or I confer?
Amel. Victorious *Oſmyn!*
I need no other proof of your Affection.
Oſm. *To one ſo fair and kind,*
Amel. *To ſuch a generous Mind,*
Both. *Surpaſſing all Treaſure,*
Who would not with Pleaſure

A Heart ſincere reſign!

Oſm. *I ne'er can leave thee,*

Amel. *I'll ne'er deceive thee,*

Both. *For ever I am thine.*

The End of the Second Act.

AMELIA.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Caſimir's *Palace.*

Auguſta *alone.*

AUGUSTA.

A Brother injured loſt!
A Siſter falſe!
A Traitor doubly ſo to Heaven and me!
Why do I yet ſurvive?
Welcome Reſolution!
Guide thou with friendly Force
My trembling Hand,
And with this Poignard
Fathom all my Woes.

[*Offers to kill herſelf.*

SCENE II.

Caſimir *enters.*

Caſ. Why, with uplifted Arms and pointed Steel,
Seek'ſt thou, *Auguſta*, to deſtroy
A Life that's not thy own?

Aug. Ye Gods, it is my dear, my injured Brother!
O *Caſimir*, this is a diſmal Meeting!

Caſ. Is this my welcome?
What is the meaning of this odd Reception?

Aug. Ask me not,
Too ſoon, alas, you'll learn
The woeful Reaſon.

Caſ. Diſtract me not, but tell me where's *Amelia?*

Aug. Would ſhe were dead.

Caſ. Curs'd be the Tongue, that utters ſuch a Thought;
Is there the Wretch can wiſh *Amelia* dead?
And art thou ſhe?
Leave this unnatural Siſter, *Caſimir*,
And ſeek thy Love, thy dear *Amelia.*

Aug. [*Aſide.*] Unhappy Man! I cannot undeceive him,
Leſt that upon ſo ſhocking a Relation,
Some direful Reſolution ſhould enſue. [Exit.

Caſ.

Caſ. *My Charmer's very Name*
Does all my Soul inflame,
And fills my Heart with Joy:
May both our Troubles ceaſe,
And everlaſting Peace
Our future Time employ. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in Oſmyn's *Pavilion.*

Rodulpho *alone.*

The happy Time will ſoon approach,
In which *Auguſta*'s Jealouſy ſhall have
A moſt agreeable Determination;
For when ſhe knows, that this our quiet Departure
Was to effect dear *Caſimir*'s Redemption,
Her Love, now ſmother'd by unjuſt Suſpicions,
Will reaſſume a greater Blaze.

Enter Amelia *in a Fright.*

Amel. Save me, *Rodulpho!*
Oſmyn no longer will admit Denial,
I muſt, or die, or yield to his Embraces.
Rod. Amuſe him with Pretences of Compliance,
Then when alone, unguarded and diſſolved,
He's wholly in your Power. This to his Heart.
[*Offers her a Dagger.*

Amel.

Amel. What would you have me murder him, *Rodulpho?*

Rod. Call not that Murder, Princeſs, which is Juſtice.

Amel. I will not purchaſe Liberty ſo dear,
Sooner I'll kill myſelf.

Rod. I then ſuppoſe, you love this vile Barbarian.

Amel. 'Tis falſe, I hate him to the laſt degree,
But yet, I'll not imbrue my Hands in Blood,
And baſe Aſſaſſination.

Rod. If you're afraid to proſecute th' Attempt,
I'll pierce him with the fatal Inſtrument.

Amel. Rodulpho, be not raſh in your Propoſals;
Who knows, but ſome bleſs'd Turn,
When leaſt expected,
May profer Liberty on eaſier Terms?

Let not Mortals tempt their Fate,
But for Heaven's Deciſion wait,
And by Reſignation ſhow
What to Providence they owe.
That juſt Power, which weighs the Crime,
Points the Puniſhment and Time,
Sure, tho' late will interpoſe,
And ſave the injur'd from their Foes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Caſimir *alone in an Apartment.*

Caſ. She's falſe, infufferably falſe!
Then farewel Truth and Virtue;
Oſmyn, reſtore me to my Chains again;
For my *Amelia*'s Uſage far exceeds
All the Barbarity you could invent.
[*Goes to kill himſelf.*

Enter Auguſta.

Aug. Why, *Caſimir*, with ſacrilegious Hands
Doſt thou attempt what late thou didſt condemn?
Caſ. O my dear Siſter, Sharer of my Grief!
Can you forgive thoſe paſſionate Expreſſions,
Which lately came from my unwary Tongue?
Aug. It was the height of Love for loſt *Amelia*,
Which caus'd the inconſiderate Reſentment.
Caſ. But now —— I find your Wiſh was juſt,
The cauſeleſs Paſſion makes me more uneaſy.
Aug. No more, my deareſt Brother!
But let us now revenge the groſs Offence.
Caſ. *Auguſta*, your Advice I ſhall accept,
And put it in immediate Execution.
Juſt Heav'ns in my Reſentments join,
The Cauſe is yours as well as mine;

And

And Vengeance, doubtleſs, is our due:
O let me, while I thus complain,
See both the Adulterers once again,
To vindicate myſelf and you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Amelia *and* Rodulpho.

Amel. Rodulpho, you have ſhewn a Friendſhip,
Which will admit of no Compariſon.
O bleſs'd, tho' mean Diſguiſe! in which array'd
We have eſcap'd without Diſcovery.
[*Martial Muſick at a Diſtance.*
Rod. Madam, we're paſt the Extremity of Danger;
Behold a Party of *Hungarian* Horſe
This way advancing.
Amel. Caſimir's own Troop conducted by himſelf,
Support me Heaven in this Exceſs of Joy!
Rod. Now, now, *Amelia*, all our paſt Afflictions
Have here an ample Recompenſe.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Officer.

Officer. I ſeize you Priſoners to Prince *Caſimir.*
Amel. Stand off, officious Slave;
I am his Wife.
Officer. We know it, Madam, 'tis our Lord's Command,
To bring you both to cloſe Confinement.
[Amel. *to* Rod. *aſide.*] Since he is ſo raſh,
Let us reſolve him nothing;
But ſtill let this unjuſt Suſpicion plague him,
Till a fit Time to prove our Innocence.

Enter Caſimir.

Caſ. [*Diſguis'd.*] O vile laſcivious Pair!
Rod. O *Caſimir!*
Caſ. You have framed, no doubt,
Some well concerted Story;
But I'm deaf to every thing but Vengeance,
Take from my Preſence ſuch deteſted Objects.
Ah Traitreſs, wicked and impure!
How can I poſſibly endure
To ſee that odious Face?
Oh that my Heart had not been ſet
On one who could her Truth forget,
To ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in Oſmyn's *Pavilion.*

Oſmyn *alone.*

It's certain ſhe is fled, but who could think,
That in ſuch beautiful Perfection,
Ingratitude could be conceal'd;
'Twas for her ſake I condeſcended
To grant the Chriſtian Life and Liberty:
So much her Charms have raviſh'd all my Soul,
That with the fair deluſive Creature
Are all my Hopes of Comfort fled:
Now all my Conqueſts are inſipid,
The World and all its rich Poſſeſſions
Cannot redreſs the Anguiſh I conceive,
By this one Woman's Impoſition.

All my Glories I reſign,
For a Life that's Divine;
In a lonely deſart Cell,
I'll in ſweet Retirement dwell;
Unmoleſted I intend
All my future Years to ſpend:
Now adieu ye worldly Joys,
Short-lived Splendor, Courts and Noiſe;
There I only hope to find
Solitude, and Peace of Mind. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A Priſon.

Rodulpho *alone.*

Rod. To what a hazardous Preſumption,
Amelia carries her Reſentment:
But there's no reaſon I ſhould venture Life
Upon the Caprice of a Woman.
This Letter ſhall to *Caſimir* unfold
The whole of our proceeding.

SCENE IX.

A great Hall.

Amelia *going to Execution.*

After a dead March, Enter Auguſta.

Aug. Now Traitreſs! take the juſt Reward,
Your heinous Crimes demand;
Nor ſhall *Rodulpho* long ſurvive you.
Amel. O let me ſee my Husband ere I die.
Aug. It is in vain to pray for Mercy now.
Amel. What has my Obſtinacy brought upon me!
I have murdered both *Rodulpho* and myſelf,
Aug. Why is her Death delay'd?
Diſpatch her inſtantly.

Amel. Since I muſt die, I muſt ſubmit.
But let *Rodulpho*'s Life be ſpar'd,
And tell my *Caſimir* we are the Perſons,
Who ſav'd him from the barb'rous Cruelty,
Which the Grand Viſier threaten'd on him:
Tell him, I die his chaſte and loving Wife,
And that *Rodulpho* is his faithful Friend,
More he will know, perhaps, when it's too late.

Amelia *wiſhes when ſhe dies*
Her deareſt Lord may cloſe her Eyes,
And Heaven may open his:
Then will he wiſh, but all in vain,
To have her render'd back again,
From Realms of endleſs Bliſs.

Enter Caſimir *ſnatching the Headman's Sword.*

Rodulpho *follows.*

Caſ. O live *Amelia!* live, thou beſt of Wives!
Rodulpho! live, thou moſt ſincere of Friends!
Embrace him, Siſter!
Who, with my dear *Amelia*,
Effected my Deliverance from Death.
Bleſs'd be the Day that I was taken Captive,
For otherwiſe I ſhould have never known,
That I had ſuch a Wife and ſuch a Friend:
Unkind *Amelia*, not to undeceive me!
How could you perſevere to ſuch Extremity?

Amel. Unkinder you, that could be ſo ſuſpicious.

Caſ.

Caſ. No more reproaches,
But let one general rejoicing
Run through our Hearts on this Occaſion.
Caſ. } *Let me preſs thee, O my Charmer,*
Amel. } *To a Heart that's only thine;*
Never Paſſion ſure was warmer,
Never more did Souls combine.
Caſimir *to* Rodulpho *and* Amelia.
A double Nuptial ſhall reſplend the Day,
For to reward the Friendſhip of *Rodulpho*,
I give *Auguſta* to his longing Arms.
And as we've all been equally concerned
In a Variety of great Misfortunes,
So let us now unanimouſly ſhare
This unexpected Interval of Mirth.
O my *Amelia*, Pattern to thy Sex!
This Act of thine convey'd to lateſt Ages,
With Honour and Applauſe
Shall ſpread thy Fame,
And Thouſands, yet unborn, revere thy Name.

CHORUS.

When Dangers Innocence invade,
Juſt Heav'n vouchſafes a timely Aid;
And makes with brighter Luſtre ſhine
Virtues conceal'd in Souls divine.

FINIS.

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